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WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

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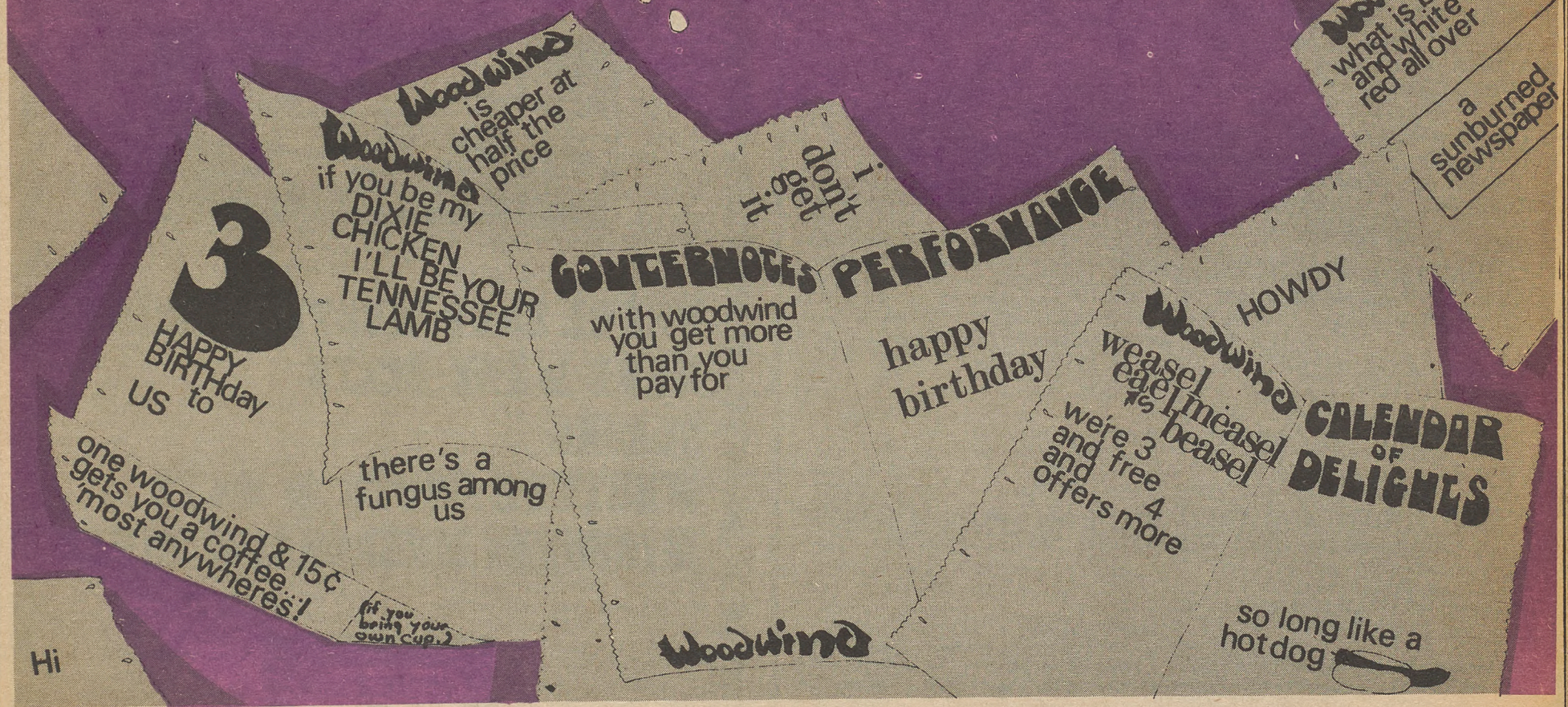

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AN ARTS PAPER

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All materials submitted to WOODWIND should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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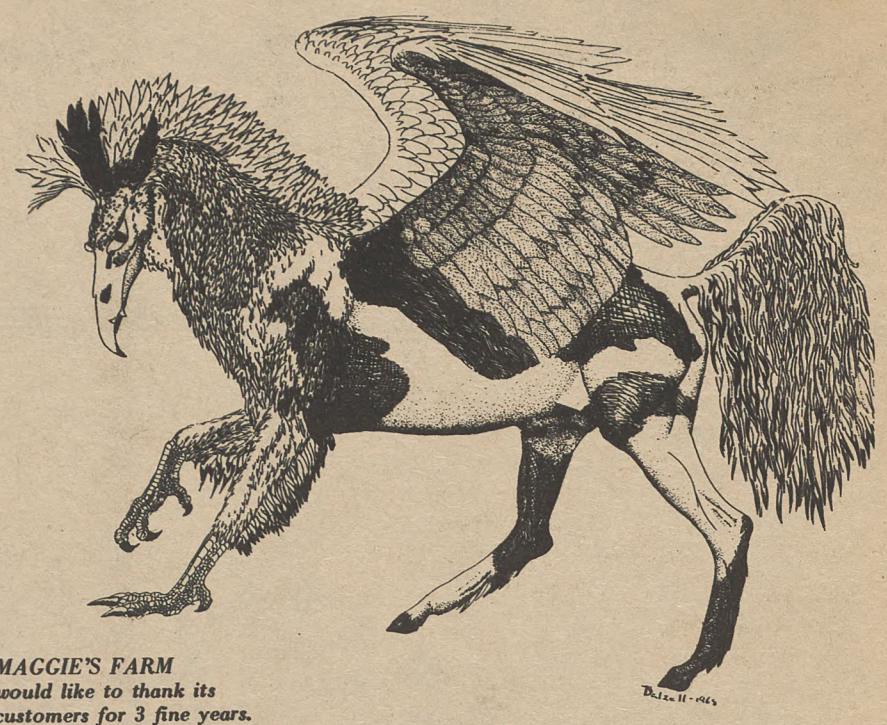

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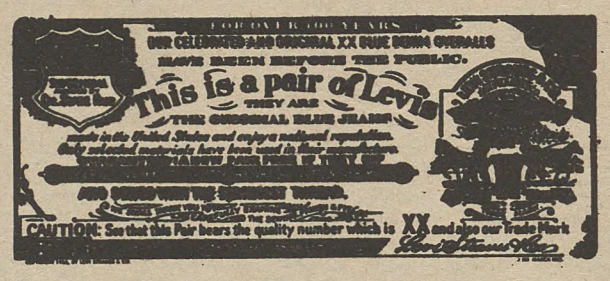

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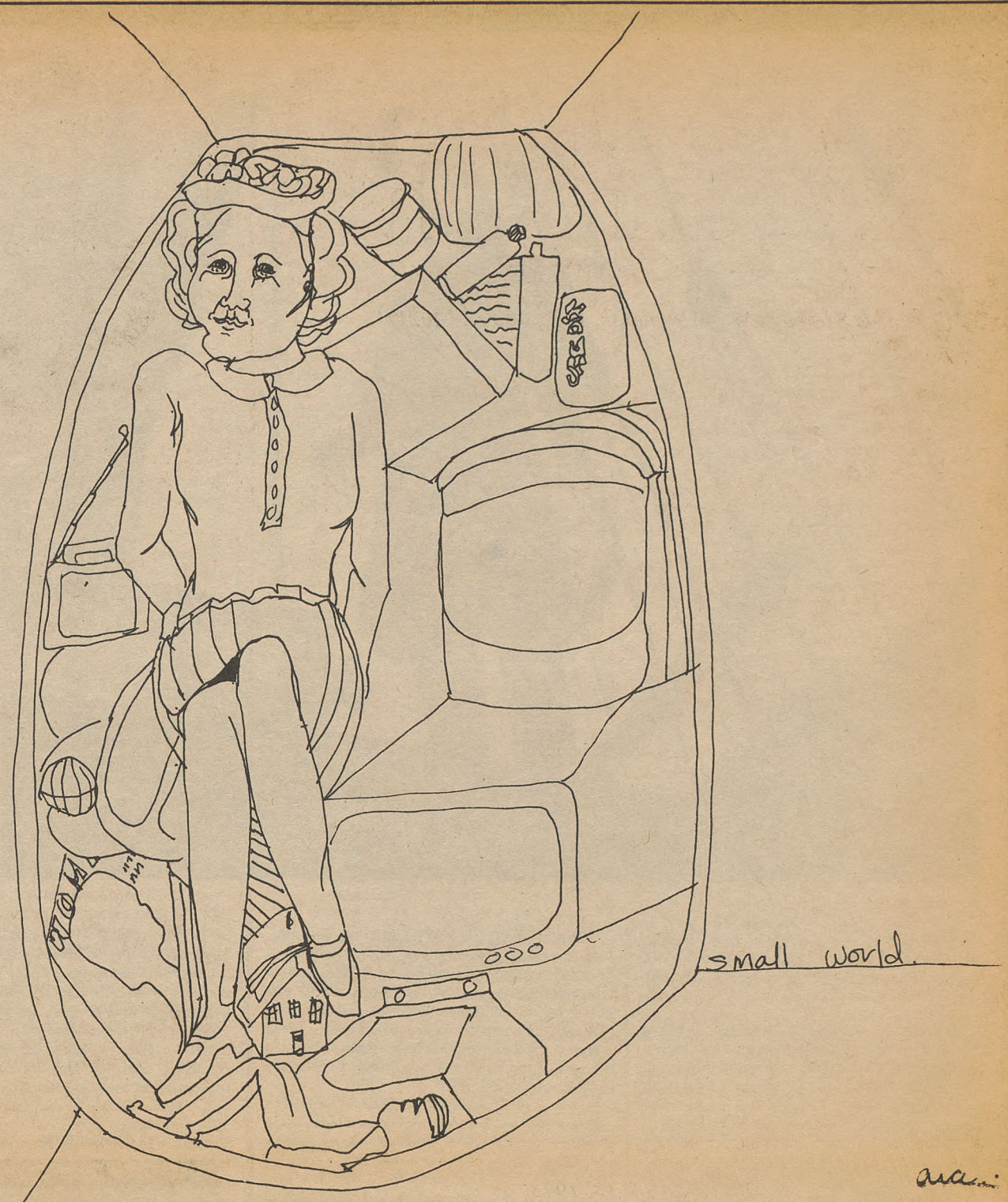

By Ida Kosciesza

The item in the evening paper had something to do with Uncle Bert's wife, Gladys. Of that I was sure.

Bert Sykes was my father's oldest friend. He used to come into the Dog and Duck almost every day and, as he walked into the bar, one of the regulars would be sure to call out, "Game o' dominoes, Bert?"

"A don't mind if a do," Bert would answer, his face brightening in recognition.

"For pints?"

"Ay, for pints."

Bert would sit fingering the dominoes, his sightless eyes smiling out over his opponent's shoulder. He might join in the general banter, but he never lost track of the play. He always won. Challenging Bert to a game of dominoes was simply a tactful way of treating him to a drink.

The patrons of my father's pub were mostly regulars. It was a quiet family place and my father had his own strict rules about the way he ran it. He would never, for example, serve anyone who had already drunk too much. His code of ethics even prevented him from selling beer to a man who couldn't afford it. I remember once, early one Friday evening, a young mill worker came into the bar, ordered a pint of bitter and pulled out an unopened pay packet to meet the tab.

"Put that back in tha pocket," my father said quietly, withdrawing the beer. "Take it 'ome to t'missus. A'll not take t'ousekeeping money from thee."

My mother used to grumble that my father was too honest ever to get rich, but she would not have had the Dog and Duck anything other than a reputable house, and I think secretly she was proud to know that her husband was a man of principles.

Bert and my father had gone to school together until, when they were about seven years old, Bert's eyesight had become so poor he was sent to a residential school for blind children. There he learnt piano tuning, but piano tuning was not much of a trade in the 30's. Those pianos there were, stood unplayed and untuned, propping up photographs in front parlors while their owners listened to radio in the back kitchen. Bert did what tunings he could get and sometimes he copied braille books for fourpence a page. Once in a while my father would give him five bob for playing the piano in the bar on a Saturday night. Bert played well. His repertory was mainly slightly dated popular songs, but once I heard him play a Bach chorale and, though I have heard that choral many times since then, I have never heard it interpreted with more musical sensitivity than Bert Sykes brought to it.

If he had had his sight Bert might have been a professional musician, but, to master new material, unless he has the opportunity to listen to it and learn it by ear, a blind man must first obtain the sheet music written in braille notation, and must then tediously memorize each clef in turn, playing with one hand and reading the notes with the other. Faced with such obstacles, Bert lacked the energy to develop and exploit his talent.

In my mother's opinion, Bert might have achieved much more with a good wife to help him.

"It's a sin and a shame," she often said. "A fine man like Bert Sykes, and a lazy slut like Gladys dragging him down."

Allowing for the natural antipathy of an industrious housewife towards a woman who is anything but, my mother's assessment of Gladys was fairly accurate. Gladys would do anything rather than take care of her home, her husband and their children. I used to enjoy going to the Sykes' home. Their son, Jim, was about my age and my mother permitted an occasional visit provided I did not eat their food or use their towel. I could understand these restrictions. I had once shared a piece of cream cake with Jim Sykes and I had been ill for a week afterwards. And the towel (they owned just the one) was a length of goods of a variegated grey, that hung from the back door and was used to wipe everything; dishes, floors, half-washed hands, even noses.

The six Sykes children had the run of the house. They could do all the things that were forbidden in my own home: jump on the furniture (such as it was), scribble on the walls, play ball indoors. Bert, when he was home, would sit by the kitchen fire. If the noise distrubed him too much he might erupt in sudden anger and leave his chair for long enough to clout those children he could catch but, for the most part, he ignored everything. Perhaps it was a blessing that he could not see the squalor of his surroundings. He must have grown accustomed to the smell.

When the Second World War began Gladys jumped at the opportunity to do war work. Suddenly, leaving her home every day had become a virtue, and she was rewarded for it, not only with a feeling of patriotism, but with a fat pay packet. With money in her purse she could afford to spend most of her off duty hours "at the pictures." Gladys was hardly ever at home any more.

Most people, by now, had money to spend and, with goods either rationed or in short supply and travel almost impossible, there was not very much for them to do with it. Many of them used their new wealth to buy educational frills for their children. Innumerable little girls donned ballet slippers and learnt to point their toes, while other children of both sexes were sent to elocution teachers who attempted to apply a veneer of accepted English to their stolid North Country speech. Piano lessons were another popular investment, and the dusty pianos in the front parlors had suddenly to be repaired, brought up to pitch and kept in tune. Since all the able-bodied men were away in the armed services, handicapped piano tuners were in demand. Bert went to work regularly for a music store.

It was on a Friday afternoon that I came in and found my parents talking about the item in the paper.

"Gladys Sykes!" my father said with laughter in his voice. "Well, I'll be. . ."

"It's ridiculous if you ask me," said my mother.

"What do you mean?" said my father. "She's winning the war for us. It says so here."

"Hmph!" my mohter's sniff expressed infinite disgust. "Standing gossipping all day with others like her, while her children run wild and her husband hasn't a clean shirt to his back."

My father's laughter resounded in the little kitchen.

"Gladys Sykes!" he repeated shaking his head slowly from side to side as though he could not believe what he read. "Well, I'll be. . ."

I tried to ask what had happened, but my mother cut me short.

"Go and start your homework," she said. "It's none of your business."

I waited for my father to put down the paper, but instead of dropping it in his chair as he usually did, he put it in his pocket and took it with him when he went down to the bar at opening time. I did not dare to go down to the public rooms during licensed hours. My father would clout me if he caught me there. But there was a dark corner halfway up the stairs from which I could look out through the bannister rails and watch what went on in the bar. I hid there now.

It was not long before Bert came in.

"'Ere 'e is," shouted one of the customers. "Let's 'ave three cheers for Bert. 'Ip, 'Ip. . ."

Bert stood bewildered by the reception while the men went on.

"'Ow's it feel to be married to a 'eroine, Bert?"

"Reckon tha'll 'ave to go to Buckingham Palace with 'er and see t'king and queen."

"What's up?" said Bert. "What's up wi' Gladys?"

"Does't mean th'asn't 'eard?"

"A've 'eard nowt," said Bert.

My father fulled the paper from his pocket.

"It's 'ere in t'paper," he said. "Gladys 'as got a medal."

He unfolded the paper and began to read.

"Among those receiving the B.E.M. is Mrs. Gladys Sykes of 36 Chapel Street. Mrs. Sykes, mother of six, works a full shift at the A.J. Parker Aviation Company. She supports her blind husband. . ."

"Like 'ell she does!" the tolerant amusement had left Bert's face. His eyes flashed uselessly about the room as his anger mounted.

"Supports 'er blind 'usband, does she! Let 'er, then."

Pulling a fat manila envelope from his pocket, he slammed it down on the bar where it landed with a jingling thud.

"Fill 'em up all around," he ordered. "As long as that lasts."

I watched my father, wondering what he would do. He hesitated for barely a second and then his face broke into a grin and he started pumping beer.

Beyond The Blood: A Metaphor of the 70's

An Inter-Review by RICHARD HARRINGTON

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Dracula – finding new blood in the physical, psychological, and spiritual investigations of the new age.

A DREAM OF DRACULA: In Search of the Living Dead, by Leonard Wolf, Little, Brown, 327 pp., $8.95 (cloth).

It might be convenient to dismiss Leonard Wolf's *A Dream of Dracula* as an unnecessary excursion into the realms of psychotic fantasy, a pointless elucidation of a too-often warmed-over subject. Surely Dracula is a figure to be chained alongside Frankenstein and The Invisible Man, driven into the obscurity of late night movies and ocassional campy revivals. But Wolf is not ready to see this dark subject in such seemingly clear light. Instead, he has constructed a montage of intellectual expeditions into aspects of anxiety, guilt, violence and repression, and has discovered that Dracula exists, beyond his role as a fiction, as a highly appropriate metaphor for the human condition in the early 1970's.

It's been interesting to note some of the critical reaction the book has received. It would seem that some publications (*Time* in particular) have fallen prey to the notion that a book is defined by its title. The ethereal ambiguity of dreams should in itself be a warning to the inconstancy of a single theme. Part of the problem appears in the subtitle (attached by the publisher) which points the theme of the book as being "In Search of the Living Dead." In point of fact, this book is much more a search for elements of spiritual death within the living and, as such, must be read not as an adventure, but as an inquisition.

Leonard Wolf is tall, darkly handsome (though happily without the sinister aura of his metaphor) and beyond these innate physical specifics, he is a scholar, the prototype of the educated individual who fills the conversation with truths culled from the range of his experience, without appearing to be condescending or obnoxious.

At California State University, San Francisco, he teaches courses on both Chaucer and the modern poets, as well as a popular course on vampirism. But those students who have signed up for the latter course in the belief that it will be not only easy, but fun, have discovered it to be, instead, both intellectually challenging and, perhaps, morally stimulating. The process Wolf has developed in that course is repeated, in an altered form, in *A Dream of Dracula.*

The book is arranged like a mosaic instead of an argument. I don't make any systematic claims in the book. I'm trying to create the experience of these elements. It causes problems for what McLuhan would call the linear reader. Younger readers seem not to be distressed at all.

If the jumps, cuts, flashbacks and flash-forwards remind readers of a film, that is accurate; one of the qualities of the book is its capacity to involve us, rather than just please us. This does, however, require a certain mental and emotional commitment on the part of the audience (an appropriate term, since not only is Wolf's book cinematic, but its main character is particularly succeptible to visual response through film and theater.).

When Wolf visited Washington recently, we discussed some aspects of the book, particularly those that might be overlooked or misunderstood, for the Wolf book is only one of a brood of books recently released with Dracula as the focus (others being *The Truth About Dracula* by Gabriel Ronay and *In Search of Dracula* by Raymond T. McNally and Radu Florescu).

My wife predicted reviewers wouldn't accept the book as an experience without a chapter saying "This book is about passive brutality, whose political implications are thus and so. . . ." I'm perfectly conscious that Dracula at this moment is not the political lust of the nation. I'm offering a poetic metaphor, and an insight. The insight, I think, is powerful. The metaphor is useful. Had I written a book with Chapter I – The Political Implications of Dracula; Chapter II – The Sociological. . . . I think I would have been bored to tears.

I'm offering a metaphor of anxiety about our own time, a psychological map of where we are – and Dracula seems to be pointing due north.

I don't think the metaphor struck me as concise at the beginning. You start with a sort of irritation that pushes you in a direction and all of a sudden, light opens up, like light breaking through clouds. You suddenly see outlines. We're all dissaffected from our culture, alienated is the big word for our society. I was wondering as I read Dracula, *the novel, and was fascinated by it (for the 18th time since I was 12), and after my experiences in Haight-Ashbury, and after my experiences in the Middle East, and my experiences in daily American life, these things somehow joined together.*

I kept seeing how Dracula fit first one thing, then he'd fit something else. And then, because I'm something of a scholar I had to be systematic, I tried to find out what the parts of that were and they have now emerged into a very clear force of themes that Dracula draws to himself and which seem to be part of our own cultural fixation.

The themes are: first, a fascination with fear of death, the youth fixation, the whole cultural refusal to accept that one gets older (Dracula, you recall, stays young by ingesting blood). Another is the phenomenon of brutality, in America a certain kind of brutality we can only call passive brutality. As a nation, we're *not* really *responsible for the Viet-Nam war. That was a major model of passive brutality. Particularly the bombadiers. It's interesting that one of the earliest bombers of post World War I was called The Vampire, as if it were a presage of what was to come. They don't call them that anymore, but there is a perfect model of the vampire figure as he was emerging in my head.*

Finally, and this is particularly important for the last 10 or 15 years (and these are the years that coincide with the sudden exploitation of vampiriana into our society) sexual role confusion. Stoker's novel itself rises out of a sexual fear so deep, particularly the fear of women, that I've spent many pages in my book developing it. What's phenomenal is that a couple of centuries can go by and no one notices. Well, it's time to notice. More important, it's time to link that Victorian fear of 1897, which would just be a curiosity if we weren't seeing an emerging new fear corresponding with the Dracula explosion in our own age. I'm arguing something very hard and very stern. That is, men and women in the 70's, in the age of sexual freedom, are more frightened of sex than ever before. The Victorians knew they were supposed to hate it, and they secretly desired. But we're supposed to love it, and instead there's an anxiety (the impotence increase in men, frigidity in women). It seems not at all accidental that in an age which wonders about its own sexual identity or capacity, that we're watching vampire movies with relief, because Dracula doesn't have to get it up. All he has to do is bite a little bit. The woman doesn't have to do anything except hold still. It's a marvelous short-circuiting of all sexual responsibility.

Watching the faces in the movies is illustrative, an illuminating experience. Fixation, pleasure and relief are on their faces. I wish it weren't true, but this is what I observe. This runs as kind of a sub-theme.

Of the major themes, the exploration of death is handled with perhaps the best mixture of poignance and intellect. Wolf visits some terminal cancer patients waiting out their dying in a private clinic. He spends time talking to several of the dying, as well as to the doctor who runs the clinic, digging gently at both the acceptance of personal death on the part of the patients and an inquisitiveness as to the motives of the medical man ("A closeness to primal things?"). The patients hold a stoic sense of proportion ("We're all dying. The only difference is that they have been given notice.") That sense of proportion, that breaking down of traditional poetic images of death, recurrs throughout the book.

The Middle Ages understood death beautifully. They were fixated on death because they had death everywhere, and their approach to death was to look at it. When the Black Death came, there was no way to look the other way, you had to pick up thousands of bodies and shove them into pits and cover them up. It was there that the great moral perceptions about death took on both literary and theological power. One prayer, written in Anglo-Saxon, says "He that cannot learn to die cannot learn to live." And it's an extraordinary, glorious assertion of a central truth. Everything that is flesh is dying, and the Greeks understood it. That's the function of Oedipus, that's the function of Antigone, that's the function of any work that I've ever had respect for – to remind you that you are about to die, therefore do something beautiful. That is the consequence I draw from all those literatures. No writer tacks on that sentence onto the end of his play or the end of his poem, but that's the implication of the whole thing. Once you know you're dying, you're open to your whole sensual experience.

One of Wolf's criticisms of the youth movement (he is himself 48) is that it is not aware of the process of growing old, perhaps even less aware of old people. He would like younger people to smell the bad breath of old age, and with it stumble onto the realization that "It's not a turn-on; it's a truth."

The depths of responsibility to death are further explored in an enlightened chapter (filled with some controversial opinions) on the 12th Century mass-murderer Gilles de Rais. Gilles, the one-time spiritual companion and platonic lover of Joan of Arc, killed more than 200 young boys and girls in a tortured decade that was also fascinated by his year-long mystery pageant in praise of God (and Joan). Gilles' particular anxiety seemed to rest in "an insatiable ego, an infantile relationship to God, unlimited financial resources and the unhindered opportunities open to a nobleman drawn together in the making of a theater piece."

> *Which brings me to murder: murder as a creative act; or refraining from murder as a creative act. Both are god-like decisions, and, god-like, Gilles made them; but always his eyes, like that of any other child in a tantrum, looked up to see whether God, the Father, might* this *time at least be paying attention. For the longest while, it must have seemed to Gilles, he was not. To shake some recognition from Him, he tried again. Mercy, too, is one of God's attributes, so this time using mercy as an aphrodisiac, Gilles tempted Him, and so we see him first hanging the children, then lowering them, then unbinding the cords, then carressing them, whispering assurances that he did not really mean to hurt them; hushing them softly, gently, until as they subsided in his arms he drew his knife deeply across their throats.*

Wolf's thoughts and conclusions on the mental and spiritual processes that guided Gilles to his eventual manifestation of evil give a very full substance to this provocative chapter.

O–O–O–O–O–O–O–O–O–O–O–O–O–O–O

If we are to move, through an awareness of dying, to a reconstruction of living, we must come to terms in a cathartic manner, with the anxieties of our culture. The question of sexuality and violence becomes a prime center of attention and in these specifics Wolf finds the Dracula metaphor to be particularly applicable. The two longest (and best) chapters in the book deal with the construction and implications of the Bram Stoker *Dracula* and with the lesser known companion novels written during an era of dark Gothic mentality. A further chapter on the confused sexuality of Stoker himself and its probable effect on his writing lead to an anticipation of our own

Bram Stoker

Gilles de Rais

sexual neuroses. The nightmare of Stoker's *Dracula* is a verbalized predecessor to our own tortured dreams.

We will always have nightmares. I would hate to suggest that once we have insight into our own sexual confusions, we will then forever after give up nightmares. Nightmare is the internal telegraphy of the self calling attention to concern. We may, in a truly freer age, not have those concerns, in which case we'll dream other kinds of nightmares. Stoker's nightmares were his own deep fears of women. In the last 8 or 9 years, the more immediate scary thing with the whole sexual liberation thing is the imperative to perform. There is emerging an interest in forms of ecstatic experience that don't involve getting it up.

Anxious young and middle aged people watching Dracula movies are reassured in some psychic way, because they watch someone fuse identity, which is what sex is all about (we enter each other), they watch someone enter another without any of the usual risks of the flesh – and without any of the usual responsibilities. Almost anyone can bite a little.

*It's a mutual passivity. Passive brutality is the name of the game. The political consequences (which I keep running into in the book) are a reminder of the Hitlerian mode, a reminder of the ways in which some of these things happen in 1918 (in the novel of Hanns Ewers [*Vampir*], in which all the contemporary elements of now are fused – the Tarot cards, the I Ching, all the new stuff, some of it very consciousness-raising, no doubt). These things Ewers attached to the vampire, and that book ends with a real yearning for the coming of a Hitler, who promptly shows up 10 years later. History has a way of answering demonic prayers.*

In a culture that endures passive violence, or is drawn to it, the only way to be fully satisfied is for The Brute, on his white horse, carrying his truncheon, finally to arrive. It's a pre-Hitlerian psychology. The function of the passive psychology is that you can displace the responsibility. That's why Dracula is such a phenomenal representative of all this.

Wolf keeps moving through tangents and at the invisible center lies the incredibly complex figure of Dracula, for the most part abandoned in literary histories as a one-dimensional character who bears little evaluation and certainly less investigation. But, as the *New York Times* accurately pointed out, "Dracula is, in short, an apparition of repressed sex. His attributes are those of a sexual wish we did not have. The effect of repression is to turn a hunger into a horror." Conceived in a fearful Victorian era, Dracula takes on new dimensions as the years go by – almost finding new blood in the physical, psychological and spiritual investigations of a new age. And while he would seem to be a *victim* of that Victorian mentality, he is now metamorphosed into a *symptom* of our own time.

He is the unacknowledged patron saint of the Western imagination. If he's unacknowledged, I'm sure most people don't ask themselves "What draws me to it?" I'm the analyst. I'm sitting here like a psychiatrist listening to the patient, and the patient is a culture that has produced 200 vampire movies. I watch vampire movies, one after the other, and I try to figure out what kind of feeling structure inside what kind of head sits there and watches them like that. Now, I'm one of those watchers which is one of the reasons I have all the personal stuff in the book. I want to be responsible for sharing all those views.

What's the structure I discover? Dracula lives forever. Do I want to live forever? Hell yes. Dracula gets younger. Do I want to stay young? I stare into my mirror and I see the wrinkles and the hair and I tell you the story about the girl who wants to have an affair with an older man, and I come to certain conclusions. . . Yes, I'd love to stay young. Am I sexually distressed? Frequently. So I go through my little list and I say I have a lot to do. Is Dracula sexually confused? Entirely, furiously, since taking in the blood makes you a member of his family, and you join him in body and soul. By the end of the book he's got the blood of practically every character in him to some degree, in more complicated ways than you can imagine.

Do I have all that in me? Yes. If I say all these things, there comes a passage where I say, of course he attracts me. And then I remember that he is a husk, he is an imitation of life and I don't want to be an imitation of life. I want to die a true death. I don't want to live forever, I'm drawn to it but the consequences are spelled out in the book.

> *The vampire seems to promise a. . . triumph: a conquest of death, a resurrection and eternal life. It is only that the sponsorship, as it were, is all wrong. Satan, not God, is the source of the energy, so that his gift is a soul-killing imitation of Christ's promise. The vampire's conquest becomes an infinite extension of death; his resurrection has ghastly conditions imposed on it; and his promised eternal life is an animated corporality that stinks of the grave. It is hard to believe that anyone would choose the vampire's way, yet the legend has power* because *it acknowledges the temptation of endless mortality as well as the widespread, if unknown, impulse to say "No" to God. Mortality is what we know – if we remember Eden at all, it is as an irradiated point in time from whose fragrant dullness we escaped. No doubt our purer aspirations are toward that lost immanence, but when we are less than pure, corruptable flesh may be a more imaginable ambition. . . .*

A Dream of Dracula has so far met with a healthy mixture of critical and public success. Whether this is due at all to misaprehensions on the part of the prospective buyer is unimportant. What is important is the sense of exploration that Wolf has set out with, and a tacit acceptance on his part that he is only examining the aesthetic and that the reasoning must be continued and investigated through ourselves.

I'm not about to offer Dracula as the new Satan. The dilemna is an old one. He's merely the manifestation of an old Satan. I guess what we're talking about now is the politics of my book. I'm an unreconstructed radical who no longer works in political action day by day because I've got too much of a personalist commitment to my work, and I have to find some way of saying something about where I live which has political meaning. I've found a metaphor. It's only a metaphor. I would love to see the next five years in American social behavior shift so sharply in the direction of positive good that my metaphor is no longer functional. It would be wonderful if we suddenly had a world in which a psychosocial historian like myself would turn to Blakes' "Lamb" as the new symbol. I'd like that and maybe my book will produce some sort of awareness. I meant it as a consciousness-raiser, my own as well.

I'd like to have people feel at the end of the book the same thing I felt – the tremendous sense that I had learned something about my own self, about many of my worst instincts, about many of my worst confusions, and a tremendous sense of relief that now I can go walk on the beach and chase bits of sea-worn glass. Let the vampires yowl at each other in a darkened theater. I've finished. I would like that to happen to my readers. I want to live my time.

Jean-Pierre Jumez: Classical Guitarist

By Paul J. Dallman

No one can deny the fact that the Spanish guitar has become an international instrument during the past 50 years. Still, it's strange to think of the instrument appearing in areas like Nepal, Madagascar, the Fiji Islands, Zambia, and Laos.

Jean-Pierre Jumez has performed in these places and in more than 100 other countries and territories, many of which you'd never associate with the art of Sor and Segovia. How did this young Frenchman, who will give a recital at Georgetown's Trinity Theatre on February 21, become a missionary of the classical guitar?

As a youngster growing up in Paris, Jumez found that his family took a negative attitude toward his growing interest in music. A padlock was placed on the piano at home. He recalls being taken to the "musicians' market" so that he might observe the "degenerate" life of professional musicians. The "market" was a section of town where instrumentalists congregated and scrambled for night club jobs every evening, somewhat like longshoremen seeking work in the famous dock scene from *On the Waterfront*.

The situation changed after Jean-Pierre was sent to boarding school. Introduced to the guitar by his fellow students, he soon realized that he wanted to go beyond their simple folk song accompaniments, and he began to seek a qualified instructor.

He found Jean Lafon, Alirio Diaz' teacher, who enthusiastically accepted the young man as a guitar student. The relationship was ideal; Lafon was a philosopher as well as a musician, and Jumez' main course of study was philosophy.

After graduating with a bachelor's degree in philosophy, Jean-Pierre wanted to travel before settling down to his life's work. With a considerable repertoire of classical guitar music, he set out for East Pakistan with a suitcase in one hand, a guitar case in the other.

Pakistan was only the first of a number of countries Jumez wanted to visit. In each, he took the initiative to give guitar recitals. The French Government's Culture Department began to take notice. Upon his return, he was engaged to continue his international concert work under the auspices of the Government.

He also became a soloist for the French National Broadcasting Network. His programs brought him to the attention of several distinguished composers. They had written for the guitar, but were piqued because little (if any) of the music was being played.

Jumez rose to the occasion. He gave the first performance of *Hommage a Alonso de Mudarra*, Georges Auric's only work for solo guitar. Henri Sauguet's *Soliloque en Souvenir de M. de Falla* was likewise given a world premier performance by Jumez at Carnegie Recital Hall in New York last year. The guitarist helped Andre Jolivet revise two nearly unplayable compositions (*Comme un Prelude* and *Comme une Danse*, both written at the piano), resulting in arrangements that are more idiomatic for the guitar.

While he performs these works frequently, music by contemporary French composers forms only a small part of his repertoire. Jumez finds new guitar music everywhere he goes. In Ecuador, he discovered *Elegie and Danse*, a fascinating paraphrase of Inca themes by Carlos Bonilla, a professor at the Quito Conservatory. While studying and teaching at the Santa Cecilia Conservatory of Music in Rome, Jumez was called upon at the last minute to replace a confused harpist in a modern work by American composer Barbara Kolb, recipient of Tanglewood and Guggenheim awards, as well as the Prix de Rome. Miss Kolb is currently writing some solo pieces expressly for the guitarist.

Judging from some of the unusual works he has in his briefcase on this trip to the United States, Jumez is a haunter of many music publishers' dusty attics. He has a copy of an unpublished chamber music piece by Villa-Lobos ("Introduction to the Choros") in which the guitar part is marked "con microphone," indicating that the composer wanted the guitar amplified. Jean Bizet's "Triangles" has two strange symbols: a sharp with only one horizontal line, and a flat sign printed backwards. The composition employs quarter tones, and the symbols require the guitarist to push the string sideways (at the normal fret or a fret below, respectively) for tones a quarter tone above or below the written notes.

Every musician has a fair share of interesting anecdotes to relate. One of Jumez's best concerns his 1972 Russian tour. He gave an unprecedented concert at the French Embassy in Moscow. The audience was restricted to officials and luminaries of Soviet culture. A woman approached Jean-Pierre after his recital and asked if she could get one of his recordings. "I'm sorry, madam," he said, "but your strict customs regulations make that impossible."

"What a shame," she replied. "My late husband was a composer; he loved the guitar, but he never got around to writing for it." "What was your husband's name?" Jumez asked. "Sergei Prokofiev." She got her record.

Tall and athletic looking, Jean-Pierre Jumez makes one think of his fellow countryman Jean-Claude Killy. Resemblance goes beyond the physical as you learn of Jumez' dedication to his chosen field. A serious student of language, he is interested in communicating with audiences everywhere he plays. Knowing that a great deal of travelling lies ahead of him, he has taken the trouble to learn to fly and how has a pilot's license.

"Going from country to country is not always easy," he says, describing the scene of natives placing huge logs under his Volkswagen bus to ford an African river. Africa, incidently, is the continent he likes to visit most.

"Africans are very responsive to classical guitar music," he remarked. "In 1968, while on my first tour of Africa, I played for a small audience in Abidjan, the capital city of the Ivory Coast. I returned to the same hall in 1971, and was surprised to find it filled. A former pupil informed me that my first recital had aroused such interest that he became a teacher, and all of his students – about half French, half native – were there."

This interest is reciprocal. Jumez finds authentic African music especially interesting; he records and collects it in every region of the continent he visits. He has an ultimate goal: to become familiar enough with music at the folk level to eventually incorporate its elements into formal compositions, as Bartok did with the music of Hungary and Villa-Lobos with the music of Brazil.

One of his compositions is included in the program he recently recorded for Marcel Marceau. An old friend, the famous mime asked Jean-Pierre to make some tapes for him. They will be heard during Marceau's routines on his next American tour.

Jumez has a three-year recording contract with L.M.C.E., a French company (the initials stand for Lido Musique Champs Elysees, a large chain of record shops). One of his albums is available in the United States on the Concert Arts label.

Through recordings, compositions, and concerts, Jean-Pierre Jumez is playing an important role in making the guitar a truly international instrument. This has become his philosophy.

PERFORMANCE

OUT CRY
Eisenhower Theatre, Kennedy Center.

Reviewed by Jay Alan Quantrill

Tennessee Williams is a name most people can identify, all theatre-goers are familiar with his works, and members of the field are certainly aware of his position as an artist. He has written gigantic works of depth and magnificence, he has also written works that have failed for one reason or another to communicate their souls to their audience. For this continuum of experience, Mr. Williams, ever the throbbing heart, has paid a dear price. He's paid a price which few people will pay; so few even realize that there is such a bargain in life as paying for the creation of magnificence. But be that as it may, Mr. Williams has paid and his latest work is a reworking of material which I feel is the by-product of his payment. This latest play is called *Out Cry*, it is a two character play.

The two characters are a young man, Felice – played by Michael York – and a young woman, Clair – played by Cara Duff-McCormick. They have been described as two insane actors who have been abandoned by the rest of the acting company with which they were travelling, and so not to disappoint the audience (which may not really be there anyway) they perform their own two character play. I'm not so sure they are insane, but they certainly are living on the fringes of what we normally call the sane world. Their own two-character play is a deeply personal dialogue which discusses among other things, the murder of their mother by their father and his subsequent suicide. The play never ends, it merely stops. And as they find themselves completely lost and alone, they attempt to lose themselves in the play so as to forget their real situation, which has become so unreal as to provide the play's reality with a context that cries out for escape. And escaping into the play, they are forced into the recognition that the magic of the play is the habit of their existence. No, but I think it concludes, and that is enough.

What Tennessee Williams has given us is something I fear we won't want: the record of the self searching itself and facing its futility until it recognizes that the magic of recognition is the value and purpose of self and existence. It is a twisted, tortuous work, which probably would be better read than seen. There are flashes of captivating theatre, but not satisfying and the fault is in the writing, I fear. Miss Duff-McCormick has the easier of the two parts and comes off with a delightfully crafted yet enigmatic performance. Mr. York has no character, as hardly does his leading lady, but his shows more. For a Williams play, these are amazingly sexless roles. The sensuality is all mental, and without any physicality the play lacks drama. The setting looks like the inside of what one could imagine Williams' mind to be: a collection of sets and props, bits and pieces from his life in the theatre, none of them complete, all of them suggestive, not one making a comprehensible statement, but all adding to the seedy, musty, shadowy atmosphere of Williams' theatrical life. Indeed, it seems Williams is saying in *Out Cry* that his life has been lived in the theatre when it was successful and when it is most tragic, and *Out Cry* is the report of his mind covering the accounting of his senses.

Is it worth seeing? Yes! But only if you are interested in viewing the mind of a creative artist seeing itself in all its diversity. The direction is splendid, as far as can be told. The action and movement work well with the script and the actors, only the script confounds. But that's because the subject is confounding. The setting and projections are precisely perfect and give a certain surrealistic touch that works well. Color it the successful realization of the enigmatic! A rare beauty!!

IRENE
National Theatre

The rise of the ethnic Irish emigrant in this country to a position of equality and comfort in the middleclass is a major portion of late 19th and early 20th Century Americana. Back in 1919, just after the Great War, as it was called, and before prohibition and the flapper, a musical comedy was staged that based its material on this question of the poor Irish rising into the hoy-poloy, and it gave us at least three of our most memorable songs. These songs are: "Alice Blue Gown," "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," and "You Made Me Love You." The show is *Irene*.

Unforeseen circumstances have brought this show to the National Theatre for a 3½ week, pre-Broadway engagement. This is to the very good fortune of the Washington Theatregoer. The decision was made at a time when the show seemed to be in trouble. It is no longer. It is now on the way to replacing *No, No, Nanette* as New York's nostalgia piece and may well run as long. Patsy Kelly, who made a comeback in *Nanette*, is now in *Irene* along with probably the best group of players I've seen assembled on the musical theatre stage in quite a while. Ted Pugh, who opened the last touring company of *Promises, Promises* here last season, plays the not too bright schemer cousin of the rich leading man. Mr. Pugh is just right in this comic role and provides a fine contrast to Monte Markham as the leading man. Mr. Markham is best known from television work, but here provides a performance that is remarkable for its conviction and energy. He's the best leading man I've seen here in quite a while. George S. Irving playing the comic buffoonery of a coterie called Madame Lucy is precisely the right balance of an actor and a comic. His every gesture is thought out and finely delivered. To see him teaching the girls how to be models is hilarious.

But without question, the show boasts the talented presence of Debby Reynolds. Her charm, her delightful sense of timing and good fun; her way with the role of a tough little, poor little Irish girl who can handle anything and anyone; who studies the road to business success out of a book. . . these are the reasons for *Irene* and they are the reasons it's bound to succeed. It's the basis of the musical theatre. Miss Reynolds and Miss Kelly, who is up to her usually wild and wooly antics play up a storm.

Yet there is still much work to be done. All the aforementioned is true. But as the replacement of Sir John Gielgud by Gower Champion as director-choreographer would indicate, this is a show that must do more than just show off talent and a few good songs. Much more is demanded of a musical nowadays than was the case in 1919. There are ragged ends, sloppy scene changes, dull moments, and some pretty awful scenery. And the costumes are tending toward the gaudy side, too. Already some of the Gower Champion influence can be seen. Some of the dance numbers have that special Champion flair, and from what was printed in the program, you can tell a number of shifts have been made to give the overall production the kind of snappy pacing and easy flow that is necessary. The next three weeks in Washington will provide the time; let's hope the company can provide the rest. *Irene* could be a bigger hit than *No, No, Nanette*; and what's on stage at the National is a lot of fun. But as a piece of theatre craftsmanship, it's got a way to go. And when it gets there, it'll have Debby Reynolds, Patsy Kelly, Monte Markham, Ted Pugh, and George S. Irving to dish it out and make 'em go wild.

J.A.Q.

THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR IS SICK OF IT ALL – Kreeger Theatre

Max Frisch is a 62 year-old, Swiss born playwright who's most popular works are *Andorra* and *The Firebugs. Andorra* was produced last season at the Center Stage in Baltimore and *The Firebugs* has been seen in various productions in the Washington area in the last few years. An earlier work, originally titled *Count Oederland*, is now being produced by the Arena Stage Company. The current production is titled *The Public Prosecutor Is Sick of It All*. And that's what it's all about! Of course, it's considerably more complex than just being sick of it all, but the title aptly captures the essence of the work.

The title was especially chosen for this production and, like the production itself, leaves us wondering exactly how we are to take the play. As directed by Zelda Fichandler herself, the play has some rather awkward moments. There are times when the author appears to be attempting a poetic style which the production cannot quite muster. There are many examples of sequences wherein a lot should be going on, but there doesn't seem to be anything happening. Certainly, some of the fault is in the acting, but a lot is in the direction. Then again, it all starts with the playwright, let's not leave him out of the running.

The Kreeger Theatre presentation is handsomely mounted. The setting by Santo Loquasto, the costumes by Linda Fischer, the lighting by William Mintzer, all were tasteful and texturally right; yet I kept wondering if it all fitted the play. I don't know. I was honestly uneasy about the show. I kept feeling that something wasn't jelling, but I still can't put my finger on the problem.

The script seems blatantly obvious in its meaning. The characters were, for the most part, well drawn. Some of the performing was hammy, but at least theatrical. The direction seemed to serve the mechanics of the play, but did nothing to illuminate the inner mysteries of the author's intentions. At least, I didn't get it.

Shepperd Strudwick, last seen at the Arena in *Pueblo*, was sturdy but not particularly convincing or moving in the role of the public prosecutor. Max Wright was just right as the murderer, his sense of vacuous simplicity, his effortless resignation, his every twitch rang true. Richard Bauer again, as usual, stole his scenes with flair and finesse. At least he made something out of his relatively useless role of Signor Mario, a clairvoyant.

Dorothea Hammond, George Ebeling (returning after a few seasons' absence), Leslie Cass, and Howard Witt were dependable in their various supporting roles. For the third time in as many plays, Dianna Wiest was captivating, charming, and alltogether bewitching. This young lady has that certain something that makes her glow just sitting there in whatever it is she's sitting there in – who can remember – she's magnificent. And she's a very talented actress in the bargain.

All in all, I can recommend *The Public Prosecutor Is Sick of It All* for its technical competence, some of its acting, and the sagacity of its message. As drama, however, it leaves something to be desired.

J.A.Q.

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN
The Washington Theatre Club

With the opening of the D.C. Black Repertory Theatre and various works at the Back Alley, and the many other endeavors of black theatre groups in Washington, you may think another black play is something we don't need. Well, you're wrong, I mean dead wrong. The Washington Theatre Club has just opened their best production in well over a year. It's an all black production, of course, of one of the theatre's finest plays. And the Washington Theatre Club, which has been in somewhat of a slump for quite a while, now has a hit, an unquestionable hit, an exciting, throbbing, and alltogether beautiful play, played so well I could stand up and cheer!

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men concerns a family in Harlem, New York. This family is coming to the point when they must deal with realities of today's world in America. The only woman in the house, a 30 year-old, is supporting her two brothers and her father. She wants them to help. Their only solution to the problem is found in something illegal.

The results of this situation are more profound than they would have believed possible. What the author, Lonnie Elder, shows us in this chronicle of the black struggle for survival, is the anger and frustration and the love and need which is at the core of what it's like to be black. It is a play that radiates warmth and vibrates with the guts of reality.

The production looks better, is more sensitive, and boldly theatrical than anything the WTC has done since last season's *All Over.* The setting is exemplary, the lighting perfect. The performances are for the most part exceptional. There are problems in this area, but after opening-night jitters subside, the problems should disappear.

Bette Howard plays the daughter and directs the play. She is a veteran of the original off-Broadway production and of two other productions. Her performance and direction are a welcomed joy. She obviously knows the script well and brings to her directing task a wealth of understanding of the intricate elements of the whole. Perhaps I should say that it is over-directed, but not really, just a little. It's nice to see good direction at the Theatre Club.

The most outstanding performance was that by Jimmy Hayeson, as the old codger who plays checkers – one of the dark old men. Mr. Hayeson is dark only in skin color; he glows with that special brightness that is the thrill of the theatre. His every nuance breathed character. He reveled in what he was doing on that stage and so did we. If for no other reason, you must see this production just to behold this man.

I urge you, if you have never seen *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*, see it now. If you have, see it again. It is one of those rare things: a well-written, well-structured play, with a beginning, a middle, and an end; something the theatre doesn't often get these days.

J.A.Q.

AMERICOMEDIA
Theatre Project (Baltimore)

By Perry Schwartz

Theatre developed out of group improvisation and theatre games is beginning to take on a specific form. This became evident as one watched major performance groups like the Living Theatre, The Communication Group, The Open Theatre and the writings of several young playwrights, most notably Paul Foster and Megan Terry.

The convincer for me that a specific form and style has developed was a recent production by the American Revolutionary Road Company at the Theatre Project. Their work, *Americomedia*, developed by the company of six and put into a relatively set script by playwright Michael Procaccino, incorporates all of the basic aspects of this type of performance theatre – sometimes successfully and sometimes not.

Basic to this group-developed, performance-oriented theatre is that performance/action ideas must be developed through the activity of the performance. When performance theatre stops to tell you about its ideas, it stops functioning. Herein lies the major trouble with *Americomedia*. It wants to say that the ideals of the American revolution have been diluted at best, lost at worst, in the last 200 years.

Their staged metaphor is a sleeping Miss Liberty . That particular physicalization works, but near the end of the play, someone – probably the playwright – decided they needed to talk the point to death. This is particularly true in a painfully, statically staged scene in which Miss Liberty and Yankee Doodle, husband and wife, are controlled as puppets by scientific agents of Uncle Sam and Big Business.

At the same time, the success of this company lies in the basic elements of performance theatre. Most of the time they are active; they *do*, not *tell*. They open with a sound jam of "We the People," which leads into a short refrain of "It's a Real Thing." That works. It sets the basic mood for the evening.

The whole company sings very well and they sing a lot. Their songs are intended to have a satiric barb. At one point during the Sexy Sixties, Miss Liberty sings "I Can't Get No Satisfaction." The night I saw the performance, the sixth member of the company, their guitarist, had smashed her hand in a car door and didn't perform. The five actors managed to work very effectively without her. There was an obvious musical support missing which I'm sure adds a significant dimension to the production.

The company of five actors plays probably 50 to 75 different characters, which obviously requires a great deal of character transformation. Most of the time what they do is comic, but to their credit, they add a serious note at just about the right time in several places in the piece.

One particularly effective transformation from comic to serious is done by Carol Cappello as she shifts from an exaggerated, satiric rendition of "America the Beautiful," played as caricature, to a very believably real refugee telling why she wants to come to America.

That this young company has taken the basic concepts of transformation, song, staged metaphor, physicalization and social criticism developed through improvisation, edited by a playwright and made it work is both a tribute to the idea of a performance theatre form and to themselves as creative theatre artists.

As a footnote, I must add here that I am concerned about the life of performance theatre in Washington. I once again had to venture to Baltimore and specifically to the Theatre Project to find any kind of experimentation beyond new one-act plays.

Mind you, the new one-act play, any new play, is vitally important. It is important particularly if it experiments in some way with content or style. But there is room in Washington, in fact a need, for performance theatre experimentation. The American Revolutionary Road Company's piece was put together in Washington, yet it had to travel to Baltimore to open.

Along this same note, I have recently learned that the Open Theatre will probably cancel its scheduled spring tour – its last, for they couldn't get enough bookings. Washington was one of the places they couldn't get booked into. If Washington is really to be the second most important theatre city in the U.S. it can't neglect performance theatre. It's probably too late for the Open Theatre, but others like it must perform in D.C.

ART

A FETE FOR GEORGE, Or Pigeons On The Grass, Alas

By David Tannous

A gallery group show with a difference will take place next Monday, February 19, at the second-floor studio-home of artists Bob Stark and Lucy Clark, 1636 Connecticut Ave., N.W. The participating artists – some 40 in all, mostly young, a few getting started, others well known – have nothing in common in this show but their subject matter. They've all got a thing about George.

The George in question is Washington, first President, Father of his Country, and folk hero to the false teeth biz. Officially, he is being honored on Monday, even though his traditional birthday falls on a Thursday this year, and his actual birthday – February 11, under the Julian calendar – already has passed.

This kind of confusion, a bit out of keeping with George's accustomed aura of dignity, seems entirely appropriate for the planned exhibition. The artists have been encouraged to do whatever they want, so long as they maintain a connection, however tenuous, with our George.

Not all of the work is ready yet, but from the early returns, it's obvious that the Father of his Country hasn't escaped the usual fate visited by the younger generation upon their venerable elders.

Michael Clark gives us a bulbous-nosed, close-cropped version of the famous face that makes it look as if George were peering through the peephole at a local speakeasy, trying to remember the password to get in. Lesley Kuter presents George as a hooked rug, and Meson Semon shows him three times in miniature, with a classic face on an Alice-in-Wonderland elongated neck.

The false teeth appear in one of Joseph White's drawings, along with the Houdon face-mask and an "M" for Martha, commemorating perhaps the forerunner of the varsity letter.

In Kevin McDonald's beautifully-rendered pencil drawing, the monument to George is a little less obvious, but Mary Beth Edelson lets it all hang out when she reveals that the First Gentleman of our land really was a mother. Allan Bridge discloses a hitherto unknown and surprisingly apposite middle name in his signature on a work that shows George in an unexpected perspective.

Don Corrigan gives him first place in a "Rating of U.S. Presidents" (some of the other ratings are rather more unconventional), but Cynthia Bickley gets to the heart of the matter when she recognizes the real meaning of Washington's Birthday to modern Americans: her work is on sale at half-price.

All of this and much more will be available for viewing – and buying – from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. on the day. It's rumored that some of the last-minute entries will be among the most interesting, with the Greatest Expectations award going to Enid Sanford and her promised perishable piece. George has been honored in many ways in the last two centuries, but never before like this.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, pastel by Michael Clark.

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AT THE MOVIES

Above and below rt., Jimmy Cliff, star of THE HARDER THEY COME.

THE HARDER THEY COME

Reviewed by John F. Burgess

This is a difficult movie to write about. It's so absolutely powerful, so searingly vivid that whenever I try to think about it the entire film rushes before my eyes and ears. It is so multi-leveled that each level interferes with the others whenever I try to verbalize it. I've been praising the film up and down to every soul I know for the last week. I still have a hard time being coherent about it.

The film is about so many things, it involves so many concepts; it has such significance [I don't throw ***that*** word around] that I hardly know where to start. The storyline is the safest – calmest? – place, so I'll try there. . .

This is the story of a young man named Ivan – played by Jimmy Cliff, a reggae-rock star in Jamaica and Europe. Ivan is a veritable Frank Merriwell. Even though he comes from the "country" in Jamaica, he learns from experience and is quick to use his newly-gained knowledge. He leaves his home when his grandmother dies and travels to the city to give his mother the sad news. The "city" is East Kingston, the slum section of the capital.

Once in the city, Ivan begins learning the facts of city life, the hard way. In the city, though, he is also suddenly plunged into a semi-tangible dream world. Illiterate as he is, Ivan has not missed the impact of mass media. Here, in Kingston, he at last sees those things that have been dangled before his imagination by an incredibly thorough blanket media. He sees the fancy clothes, the motorcycles, cars, radios, money that the advertisers have tempted him with for the total duration of his life. At last, in Kingston, Ivan sees the Pearly Gates before him. Now, all he needs is the key to those gates and Jackpot!!

As I've said, Ivan is a quick lad; he's able to tell what a key looks like the first time he sees one. In this particular case there are two keys to the gates: money and power. Ivan decides to stay in the city and "make it."

"Making it," anywhere, is not easy. It's harder when one doesn't have "quite the qualifications we're looking for." It's harder still when there are thousands ready to literally kill if one's success gets in the way of their own. This is what it's like in Jamaica. And when one realizes that the ideal of those "on the make" in Jamaica is personified in Clint Eastwood and Italian Westerns, one wonders if it is all worth it. The peculiarly Jamaican brand of *macho* is derived from this source. But, this is part of the media parcel. This is what happens in a developing country whose people are suddenly – within a generation – forced to come to terms with the global village. All of the rules remain the same, but the board on which the game is played is completely different. This is, in part, what *The Harder They Come* is about.

This is, in part, what *The Harder They Come* is about.

The way to "make it" in Jamaica is to "make a record," become a rock star. Every day, people queue up outside the driveway of the local record producer. They throng his office and his studio. They plead for recognition and/or a chance. Some – on the whim of the god-like producer – are given a "chance" to try out and then, if they're any good at all, they're robbed when they find out that the going price for musical material is $20, Jamaican ($22, U.S.)

This "chance" becomes even slighter when it's discovered that this most petty of men completely controls the music industry of the island. This is his ball and his field: all the rules are his, too. But this is life, and if one wants to make a record, this is precisely how it's done.

Music seems to be a vital current in the life of Jamaica. Everywhere one turns one is met with walls of music. This is where the soul and the money of Jamaica lie. This is, principally, reggae. (Reggae is a musical form developed – over a 20 year span – from *mento*, a calypso-like folk music. It's a deliberate, pulsing, electric sound, the likes of which may be found in Paul Simon's "Mother and Child Reunion" or Three Dog Night's "Black and White" or "If You Want It You Can Get it" by the Magic Christians [Badfinger.])

But reggae is completely dominated by the producer. Ivan, because of his attitude, is out of this local god's favor and has to look for his key to paradise elsewhere.

There's only one other path to quickly "making it": *ganga* (marijuana.) So off Ivan goes. He immediately gets involved with the dope rings and, almost as immediately, is double-crossed for his inquiries into the power structure of the drug business.

Again, mass media play an important part in Ivan's attempt to realize the goals that deluge him on this island Tantalus. Not only are his goals described in the media, they are defined by the media. Not only is a product "sold" by the media, its very worth lies in the fact that media present it. Ivan is the truly rightful heir to the McLuhan legacy.

As even the most spectacular "spaghetti-Westerns, *The Harder. . .* comes to an end. The finale comes as no surprise, but it's not anticlimactic, either. It's imaginative and humorous, but inevitable.

This, though, is just the skeleton of *The Harder. . . .* On one level, there is a penetrating survey of Jamaican society. Everything is shown in considerable depth, though not always to a satisfying depth. The viewer moves from the corrugated tin shacks of the country poor to the ostentatious estates of the "more British than the British" rich to the subtley-overstated simplicity of the tourist hotels to the tin huts packed like egg cartons of the tenants of East Kingston. All the while, the sensual beauty of this magnificent island flickers through the view.

Religion is seen in its various aspects. The Jamaicans would seem to be a very religious people, on the whole. Bible-thumping, revivalist ministers always seem to draw a full house of the faithful who sing and dance to the point of physical and spiritual orgasm. The *Rastafarians* are a peculiarly Jamaican religious group. They believe that they are the Lost Tribe of Israel and long to return to Ethiopia, the spiritual and historic home. As part of their credo, they believe in Peace, Love, Brotherhood, and *Ganga*. An entire movie could be made about them, alone.

The social attitudes of the Jamaicans come alive in this film. There is the rich-bitch who is humiliated and angered when she is forced to recognize that poor exist in the very same world as she does. There are the very simple peasants who honor their simple moral code. There's the universal complexity of love between lovers. There's the jealousy and intrigues between the members of all strata. The problems of a developing nation – an ex-colony still dependent upon the graces of the colonizer – governmental insensitivity, inflexibility, even corruption, are brought clearly into the viewer's consciousness.

The role that the Jamaican government has played in the presentation of this film is astounding. This film is tremendously critical of the ***status quo*** in Jamaica. There is, however, a new government, not yet a year old. This government feels – according to director/producer/co-writer Perry Henzell – realizes that unless there is a continuing, peaceful revolution in the country, within the next five years, there is going to be a sudden, bloody revolution. An example of the degree to which the government is behind this film can be seen in the fact that the actress who played the "rich-bitch" is now the First Lady of the island.

This film is incredibly complex. When one sees it, one understands it immediately. It's only when one trys to explain it, or describe it that one becomes confounded. In ways it's like a mystical experience. It's not just "A" or "B" or even "Z." Nor is it the total of all its numerous parts. More, it is an organic whole. It really lives on the screen.

The only explanation for this that I can find is that the film lives because it is candidly about life. There are no more than a handful of performers of any calibre in this film. It's only the first film ever (ever!) made in Jamaica by Jamaicans. Everyone involved in the making of the film is Jamaican. Everyone involved with it knows what Jamaica is and life as a Jamaican is.

Perhaps the reason that this film is alive is found in the supporting cast. Every person in the film (excepting the principles) plays himself. There really ***is*** no acting, only life. This becomes painfully clear when one learns that two of the "*ganga* traders" who appear in the film have since been executed by the police for trading in *ganga*. Or that when the lawyers for the film went to get copyright clearance for the songs in the movie, they discovered that one of the songwriters had "gone underground," another was on death row. Yes, indeed, this is a very real film.

All of the above tells you that *The Harder They Come* is a very, very heavy film. It is. But it is also a beautiful film. It's ridiculously funny in parts. It's – yes, I dare say it – warm and touching. It's utterly magnificent.

There's only one thing to complain about in my entire experience of the film, and this is not the fault of the film at all. What it is, is the previews/advertisements for the film. Not only do the previews misrepresent the film, but they cheapen it unendurably. This movie is not – contrary to the previews – a black movie. It is not a *Superfly* or *Sweet Sweetback's. . .* set in some quaint location. Whoever approved the preview should be fired. His work desecrates the import and beauty of the film. It is also so obnoxious as to repell unsuspecting viewers. Pay it no attention.

Really, after all the superlatives have been used, *The Harder They Come* is beautiful. From the scenery to the beautiful people. From the sound of the music to the unique lilt of the Jamaican patois (don't worry, subtitles are provided, but you won't need them after the first half of the film.) It's beautiful.

The Janus I theater is to be commended for its taste in obtaining this film. The entire production staff is to be commended for its sensitivity and talent in making this film. You, if you're smart, are to be commended for seeing *The Harder They Come*.

THE HARDER THEY COME *starts Wed., February 14, at the Janus I, 1660 Connecticut Ave., N.W. For show times and ticket prices, call 232-8900.*

The original soundtrack recording from this movie is available on the Island Records label.

NEW AMERICAN FILMMAKERS: II

Reviewed by Mary Ellen Kelleher

The Smithsonian's latest offering in the "New American Filmmakers Series" is one of the best things to happen to Washington in a long time. Whether you wish to be entertained or enlightened, the programs, scheduled for Sunday evenings at 5:30, from February 11 to April 10, are interesting and offer the audience something refreshingly out of pace with the usual Hollywood fare. It's really worth the risk of seeing some films you may not understand.

The independent filmmakers are creating films as an expression of an artistic impulse or idea. They often tend to create something highly personal, with which the audience cannot empathize. Since films are considered to be the medium of the masses, that is, bland entertainment and fantasy vehicles for the frustrated and harassed, a diversion from the norm can often unjustly be called a waste of time. Although these works may tend to confuse some viewers who are not provided with the usual handles for understanding what is presented on the screen, they can also enlighten and perhaps educate them. Basically, then, you must approach these films as you would any other work of art, hoping to understand but expecting anything.

The two programs already shown give some idea of the type of work being presented. *West Coast Filmmakers Parts 1 & 2* included works by Kenneth Anger, Jordan Belson and Steven Arnold as well as lesser known lights in the world of independent filmmaking. Also shown were two of Oskar Fischinger's experiments in color, shape and movement through animation. Many of these works are technical puzzles of optical and aural fantasia. They demonstrate some filmmakers' intense interest in optical printing and animation, which gives them the technical tools to present their mental wanderings or psychic illuminations without having to transpose and perhaps distort them into recognizable images.

This is by no means the entire spectrum of work being presented. There were several films dealing with our presence on this planet and its effect. *Earthspirit House*, by Roy Finne, demonstrates a concern for the survival of the natural creatures – animate and inanimate – that share this globe with us and are often endangered because of us.

K-900: A Space Oddity, by William Mitchell and Robert Swarthe, is an animated spoof of Kubrick's spacial wanderings with the added pleasure of humor.

Now that you've been tantalized with some hint of the treasures you may have missed, I'll give you a peek at the future.

Quick Billy, by Bruce Baille, opens with a soft, cerebral, white glow evolving into a warm, golden yellow with a background of birds singing and wind-and-water-like sounds supporting this image. Slowly, your consciousness and attention are led to nebulous representations of feeling or experience.

It's hard to identify the images as anything recognizable and, fortunately, that feeling of groping for the missing link does not taunt the viewer. You needn't search frantically for an explanation – things happen slowly and your consciousness is pulled into focus as the film continues.

Baille takes you through what could be his idea of the earliest impressions of the world as you came into it. Slowly, these abstract impressions metamorphose into the familiar, but with an original, fresh approach that distinguishes it. He photographs something we've all seen; the reflection of the sky in bubbles on a tranquil body of water. But somehow it's – different. As the fog lifts, reality seems more at hand while all the time your curiosity is aroused and your attention remains fixed.

Baille seems to be examining himself and the world very closely and pleasurably. Proof of this lies in the switch in styles toward the end of the film to a comic-Western style, in total contrast to that at the start. It's as if he included a short drama to be shown with the other, subjective film. He's warning us not to get so involved in examining life that living it is forgotten.

This film can be seen on Sunday, February 18 at 5:30, in the Auditorium of the Museum of History and Technology, 12th and Constitution Avenue. Also coming up for viewing at the Museum are the "Highlights of the 9th & 10th Ann Arbor Film Festival," "Films by Artists," "Films on Film" and "Washington Area Filmmakers." Tickets for each evening of films are $1.25 for general audience and $1.00 for students.

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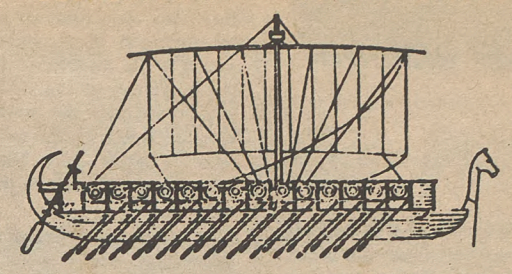

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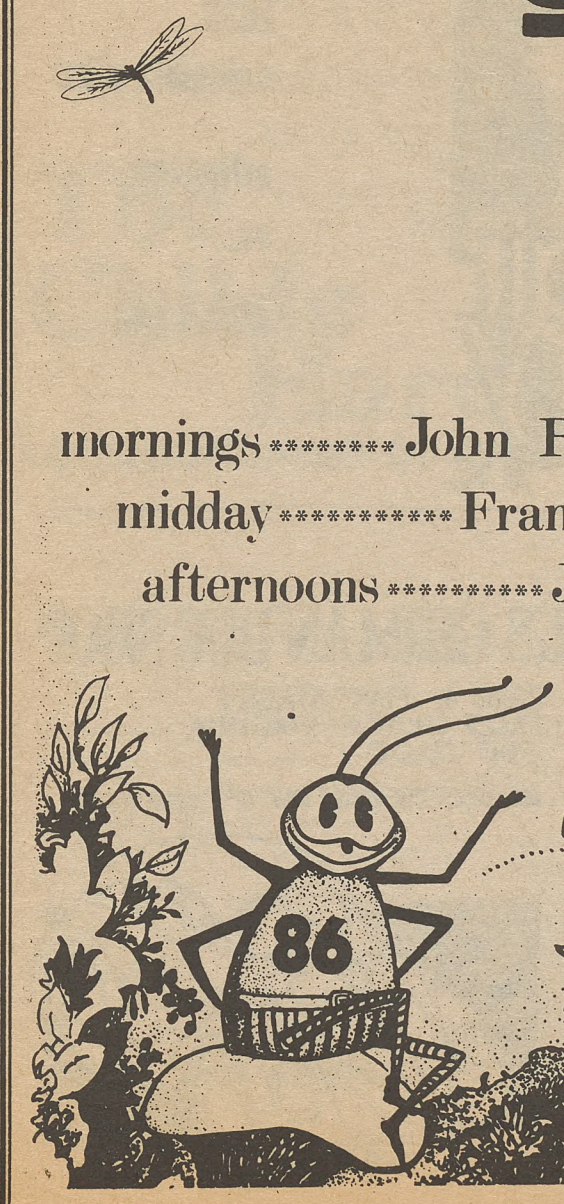

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ALTERNATIVE NEWS
ON THE
HOUR

BOOKS

THESE DAYS
By Lee Lally, Some of Us Press, 37 pp., $1.00, (paper).

Reviewed by Deirdra B. Baldwin

Poems for the movement from the movement. Poems for Women. Poems for Gay Women. Poems for Liberation. In "You Were Burying Us Before We Were Dead," which is the first selection, Ms. Lally tells us something about the nature of impotence and the emotional climate which has for so long burdened women. She says, "We could not speak./The shovel slipped into the earth." And later she recreates the tension between impatience and anxiety, "The prince should have been here by now." The final lines give us the revelation which offers to be a premise for the entire work, "We are no longer waiting./We are writing our own stories."

There is the story for Elizabeth, a wedding waltz. . . "but when he doesn't/remember:/ the words – it is not your fault." There is the story of the grandmother, "I loved you Anna, of the strong hands,/rubbing backs/ until their troubles had been massaged away./ Ours were just beginning." There is the story of the children, " 'I don't think I'd make a good parent.'/Oh I don't either, neither do I, I never did/But here I am."

There is expressed so quietly and so matter-of-factly the need for love in "After All These Years It's Come to Me." "I could not stop/wishing for someone/to hold me/ without expecting/performance."

In "Feedback for Paula" she tells us, "I stop the tape/to think about the gentle man/ so tender he must be gay." This troubles me because implicit is the assumption that human kindness is a property of sexual identity. It is possible that the homosexual experience is related to the religious experience which is related to the creative experience. It is possible because it is from human experience that these poems come to us. And Ms. Lally's poems will not allow us not to believe.

This book is not without its imperfections, but they are too few and far between to merit discussion. This book will tell you something about women, it will tell you something about Lee Lally and it will tell you something about yourself. Buy it.

FOUR SPRINGS
Edwin Honig, Swallow, 60 pp., $5, (cloth).

Reviewed by Richard Harrington

Edwin Honig is a poet and professor who is perhaps better known as the most proficient translator of the plays of Calderon, and as a critical writer on several modern Spanish and Portugese poets. His own most recent book of poetry is *Four Springs*. Lest the title mislead any reader, this book is not at all the joyful evocation of nature that it might seem, but is a rather searching and occasionally searing exploration fo specific conflicts withing the poet.

The book is divided into four segments, with the first two holding together more strongly than the subsequent two. Part I deals somewhat freely with the habitual conflict of self-image – who am "I," who decides what "I" am, what guides a being into character. Honig is not a fatalist resigned to his role, though he is aware of how pressed we can be to become what others *know* we should be:

I find a man sitting inside myself and leering pedantically
I let him. I take on his smirk and voice, pitched low.
It relieves me
To be him – small, ceremonious, hedgy a stuffy
Nonentity.
It is always someone quite distinct, somebody I can name:
an insolent clerk, ogre lady or punitive person long forgotten.

Or later on, defining the abstract:

Now the unanswerable question is not who are you
But who made you up?
When you try to track down the source of the Frankenstein ape
they say is you,
you are doubly suspected for persisting to question the matter.
on the assumption,
put simply, that the innocent never cry out while the guilty
invariably must,
. . . . . .
In time you grow into
The thing you are not, the fiction-not-even-man,
absorbed by the lies,
collective, abstract, a fear-bitten nation creates in the guise of men.

Part II, in a sense, deals with regeneration as a need to combat the conflicts of physical and spiritual death. Honig touches on a younger brother's death, the cancerous disintegration of his wife. "Whilst I remember/ Her and her virtues, I cannot forget/My blemishes in them, and so still think of/the wrong I did myself." Thus, rather than bowing in defeat to the sadnesses he knows cannot be escaped, the poet must try consciously and constantly to re-cycle the experience into a better self. That is one idea that recurs in a later part in the following cathartic observation:

Fire empties, purges and transforms.
What it touches once
Stands crippled in the mind forever, but what it excavates
sifts, free, effaced, consumed into the mote-enfiltered air.

Some comparisons have been made with John Berryman, but while that imploding sense of contemplative exploration is occasionally achieved, Honig's stamina bears no spiritual resemblance to Berryman. One of the drawbacks is the consistent use of a form that sometimes drives the poetry into little more than exalted prose. Working so much space in the (fairly flexible) long and short line form requires a slightly more disciplined consciousness. The scattered poems within the greater Poem are unfortunately weak, with possibly two exceptions. The high point of this slim volume seems to be in its hopes, which are only occasionally realized.

THE EATER, by Peter Michelson, Swallow, 119 pp., $6.50, (cloth).

Anyone who watches television is aware that often the commercials are better than the products they advertise. Peter Michelson's book slips a bit too closely to this parallel. The opening piece is titled "advertisement" and it is possibly the most delightful invitation to read a book that I have ever seen. (A poet named Bob Brown once drew a doormat on the beginning of his book, and wrote, "This is my mosque. Please wipe your muddy mind before entering and leave your thick cerebral shoes outside.") The point of view that Michelson approaches us from is that (tongue-in-cheek) his book is written by one who loves his country (while freaks like Gary Snyder or Don Lee love *other* things more than their country.) Michelson describes the pains he has taken to "make a pure American product. This/book was printed in Indiana/ Indiana, reader, the heart of the country./In a union shop./For a union wage./Printed for your protection/by American printers, who will not/print lies, slander or filth. Not/in Europe or Japan, like/some of your publishers, where/taste and labor is cheap and/the dollar is drained." After promising to spend his money here in America (on mortgages, cars, color television, credit cards, etc.) he adds, "There is no foreign word here, Reader/Not one! I/don't even *know* any foreign words." This lightness of spirit is only occasionally retouched in the subsequent onslaught of styles that make this book difficult to read. (Which really shouldn't be a consideration.) As with many first volumes, this one could have used a more critical tightening, excluding some poems that are plain bad. Michelson does have a fluid sense of observation at times ("The eater, impotent," "Hustled in a laramie bar") and when he is right, he is right on.

If variety is any indication, Michelson is a most promising poet. The final section of his book is titled "Pacific Plainsong" and absorbs "the rhetoric of early manifest destiny historians, manipulating it into an especially moving view of the conquest of the Indians" (from the jacket). It's hard to tell how much of the last section is the poet's incursion into historic texts, but no matter, it makes for a moving exploration of a specific shameful system of thought that was once patronizing, instinctively destructive and ultimately a manifestation of this country's collective spiritual philosophy.

R.H.

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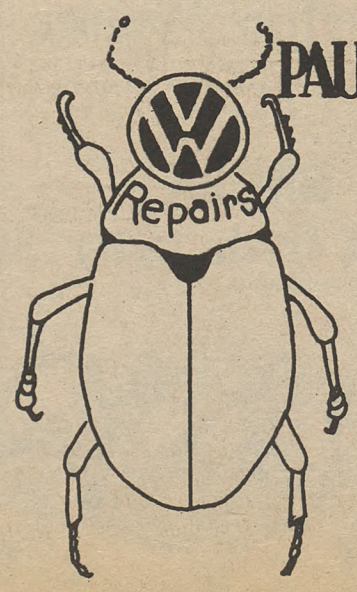

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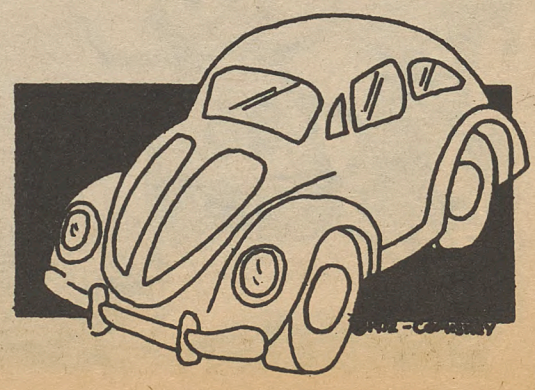

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As the culmination of Zetterling's own personal war against the existing marital and social order in which "a woman is emotionally formed by men and never quite breaks free of them even if she would like to . . . ," this is an endeavor of greater depth than her previous directorial efforts, *Loving Couples* (1964), *Night Games* (1966), and *Dr. Glas* (1968). And it is an angry but necessary voice.

—Marjorie Rosen,
SATURDAY REVIEW

COUNTERNOTES

ALL OUT – Grin – (Spindizzy)

Reviewed by Bruce Rosenstein

It seems that if there were any justice in the world, Grin would be big stars by now. Their debut album was better than 95% of the debut albums released. Their second album had many good songs even if the "Rockin' side – Dreamy side" concept was a bit ill-conceived. Each album was loaded with potential hit singles. To top it off, each album got a lot of publicity and almost universally good reviews. Why they didn't sell is anybody's guess and I'm sure it's been the topic of many a conversation out at the Grin farm in Warrenton.

Unless justice works in reverse, though, *All Out* is not the album to carry them to stardom. Don't get me wrong, it's not that I don't like this album; I do. But there are certain things which don't sit well. First, most of it doesn't sound like a Grin album; it sounds like a Nils Lofgren solo album which, in and of itself, is not a bad thing. But if you dig the Grin sound, the heavy, raunchy, immensely powerful Grin sound, it does not come across on this album. They didn't manage to capture their live sound in the first two LP's, good as they were, and now they don't even capture the power level of those previous albums, let alone what they sound like live.

This really hits you when you first get the album; slip it on the turntable; and play side one, cut one, "Sad Letter." It starts off with a mildly interesting acoustic riff – as far as I'm concerned, not a very good way to open a Grin album. What would have been more appropriate as a grabber would be side two's opener, "Love or Else," the song which sounds most like the "old" Grin. It's got Nils' biting guitar, Bob Berberich's rolling and jumping drumming, and both singing well. This is one of the more appealing aspects of the new album: the increased use of Berberich's voice. I think he's got a great rock 'n' roll voice and if you want a song to sound raunchy, by all means have him sing it. Do you remember his version of "Susie Q"? He also sounds good singing country music and he does a good job of sounding lonesome and down-and-out on the title cut. He is even good at singing innocent and carefree, which is normally Nils' domain, on "Ain't Love Nice," my personal favorite. In fact, side two which has a good deal of Berberich, was for me the much better side. The songs were still written by Nils, but they sound better than the stuff on the first side.

Side one has its share of good moments; "Sad Letter" finally does get moving; "Heavy Chevy" is a quintessential Nils song, though I like the lyrics better than the music. "Love Again" is a nice tranquil song, and "She Ain't Right" is also hot and heavy, sounding again like the beloved "old" Grin, though Kathy McDonald's backup vocals tend to grate towards the end.

So we see that it is not totally Nils' trip, but it is not a full Grin trip either. It would seem that Spindizzy could do a Nils Lofgren solo album, for the softer and more inward-turning songs, and a group album for the harder stuff. *All Out* doesn't present any new aspects of Nils' personality, though it does continue pursuing the "toughness" and "innocence" riffs that so many reviewers have attributed to him. All that stuff about "so tough he doesn't have to prove it" along with the other things about him being the personification of teen innocence. You've got your choice here; innocence: "Ain't Love Nice," "Don't Be Long," "Sad Letter." Toughness: "She Ain't Right," "Heavy Chevy," "Heart on Fire."

I wouldn't make this my introduction to Grin; the best thing to do is get albums one and two before this, in that order. They still haven't done the super album they're capable of and *All Out* is not what it could have been, but bitches aside, it's still a nice album. The best thing to do is kick off your shoes and enjoy.

AEROSMITH – (Columbia)

Reviewed by Michael Hogan

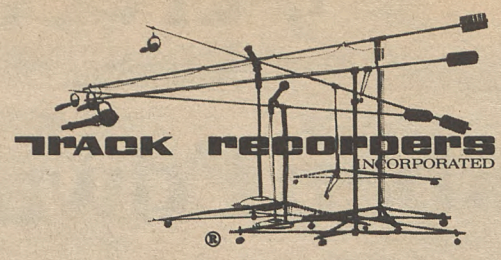
Could be this band is lookin' so smug on the cover 'cause they know they've got the great album they do have, so if it's arthritis that's been keeping you stiff, this could very well be the pacemaker that'll reactivate yer body's boogie center and keep the fires burning as long as there's a joint and some wine to be passed.

"Write Me," while not the most powerful tune on the LP, is the perfect strut-boogie and with its bitch of a harmonica break, is the truest indication that Aerosmith will have no trouble staying ahead of the Jones'.

And if your tastes and/or age allow for an active interest in the Yardbirds, then you already know why a group would readily admit to them as an influence. And when this group exhibits that influence, as in the opening passage of "Walkin' the Dog," your only disappointment is that it didn't last longer – not to mention that their "Walkin' the Dog" easily qualifies everyone else's versions for MedicAid.

"Dream On" is the pleasantest of surprises by not being of the stand-up-boogie variety, but rather the sit-in-your-chair-and-rock-yer-ass-off type and an extremely fine tune to boot.

Looking for flaws in the album is like love in vain, but two items become very visible once your ears are sprayed generously with the contents of this disc: (1) Steve Tyler is undoubtedly one of the best new hard rock vocalists to surface in a very long time and (2) because of the band's newness, they'll be opening the bill for better-known groups for awhile. But rest assured they will steal the show, ravage the audience, and tear down the hall everytime.



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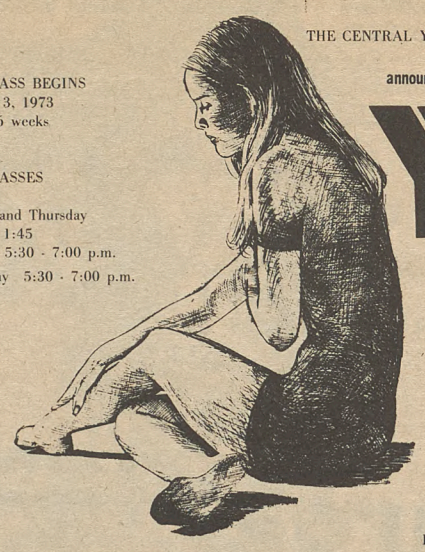

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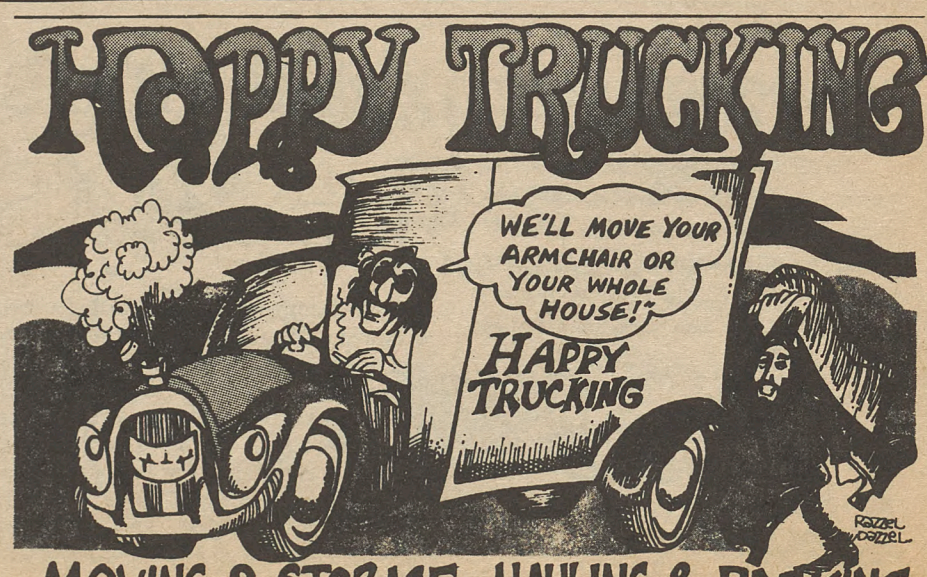

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In your own backyard

By PAULA MATHEWS

TANTALIZING EFFECTS created through the use of various media help give the works of Luciana Matalon an identity that is all her own. Her paintings will go on exhibition on Wed., Feb. 14 at the Asam Galleries, 3312 Wisconsin Ave., and run through March.

AUDITIONS for Megan Terry's "Ex-Miss Cooper Queen on a Set of Pills" will be held Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 14 and 15, from 7:30 to 9:30 pm. The one-act play, to be presented by the Washington Area Feminist Theatre, has parts for three women. Auditions will be held at the N.Y. Ave. Presbyterian Church, 13th St., at N.Y. Ave., N.W.

MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC – The Montgomery County Department of Recreation will co-sponsor a series of concerts of the U.S. Navy and Air Force Bands with Montgomery College. The Air Force Woodwind Quartet will be featured on Fri., Feb. 16; the Navy Brass Ensemble on Fri., Feb. 23; and the Air Force Chamber Players on Fri. March 23. The concerts will be held at 8 pm in the Music Recital Hall, 51 Mannakee St., Rockville. All of the concerts are free and open to the public.

OPENING SOON at the Back Alley Theatre are two one-act feminist plays, "The Independent Female: or A Man Has His Pride," by Joan Holden; and "Eve Has Not Been in Paradise Yet," by Estella Luna. The one-acts will be staged Feb. 15-March 25 at the Theatre, 1365 Kennedy St., N.W. For ticket and reservation information, phone 723-2040. Also up and coming is William Shakespeare's "Henry IV" – Part I, to be staged at Baltimore's Center Stage.

OBJECTS FOR PREPARING FOOD are now on exhibit at the Renwick Gallery thru April 29. The exhibit includes an historical survey of objects used in food preparation throughout the world. In conjunction with this show will be supplementary programs such as a guest appearance by Barbara Friedlander, author of EARTH, WATER, VINE, AIR, on March 9. Friedlander will speak on natural foods; the preparation, use and value. For more information on additional programs to the exhibit, call 381-5911.

POETRY READINGS at the Folger Shakespeare Library will feature Bink Noll and Ann Darr on Feb. 19 at 8 pm. Noll is the author of THE CENTER OF THE CIRCLE and THE YEAST. His work has appeared in such publications as The New Yorker, The Atlantic Monthly, and The Kenyon Review. Darr has published in such journals as The New Republic and Poetry Northwest as well as winning the Discovery '70 Award from the Poetry Center, in New York. The Library is located at 201 E. Capitol St., S.E. Further information can be obtained at 546-6909.

DANCE EXTRAVAGANZA – Howard Univ. in conjunction with the Capitol Ballet Guild, is staging a mixed-bag performance of choreographed delights at the Crampton Aud. on March 2, 8:30 pm. Included in the program will be a premiere performance of BLACK CRIES by Doris Jones. For more Information, call the Guild at 882-4039.

COMMERCIAL GALLERY ART has much to offer those energetic enough to seek it out. Paintings by Richard Kline can be seen now at the Henri 2 Gallery, 1875 Connecticut Ave. Talking of Michelangelo gallery is featuring photography thru Feb. 18. This gallery is located at 855 C St., S.E. "Plus or Minus Six" is a show comprised of the works of six artists and is now on view at the Venable Nislage Galleries, 1625 Connecticut Ave., thru March 3. The show includes works by

IN RETROSPECT – A collection of the works of American artist Alfred H. Maurer will go on exhibit Feb. 22 to run through May 13 at the National Collection of Fine Arts. The exhibition includes about 90 paintings plus drawings that run the gamus from figure studies, landscapes, still lifes to portraits. This exhibition surely demonstrates Maurer's flexibility as an artist. The Gallery is located at 9th St., between F & G, NW and is open every day from 10 am - 5:30 pm.
artists Benson, Roberts, Hammonds, Wisniewski, Robinson and Nelson. At the Pyramid Gallery, 2121 P St., N.W., the drawings and etchings of Robyn Johnson-Ross will be on display through March 3.

In the suburbs – Rockville, to be exact – can be found the works of "The Rockville Five" at the Sculpture House. This show runs through Feb. 22.

IN MEMORIAM

I'm a farmer. I don't know how to speak to twenty people at one time, let alone a crowd like this. This is the largest group of people ever assembled in one place, but I think you people have proven something to the world. That a half-a-million kids can get together and have three days of fun and music, and have nothing but fun and music. And God Bless you for it. — MAX YASGUR

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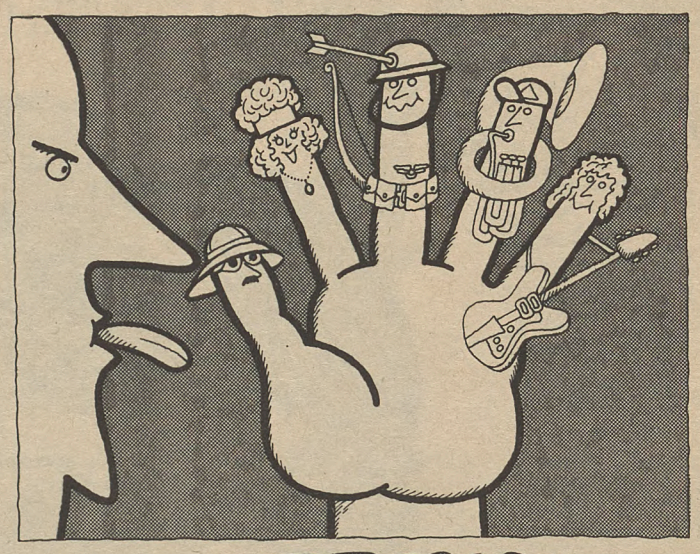

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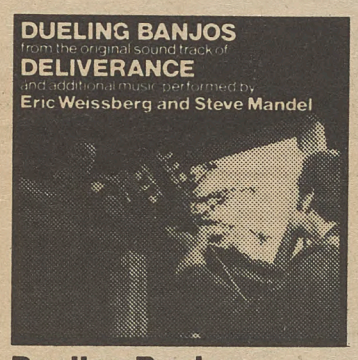

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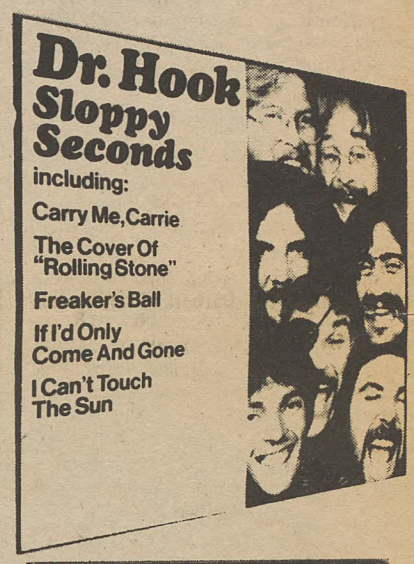

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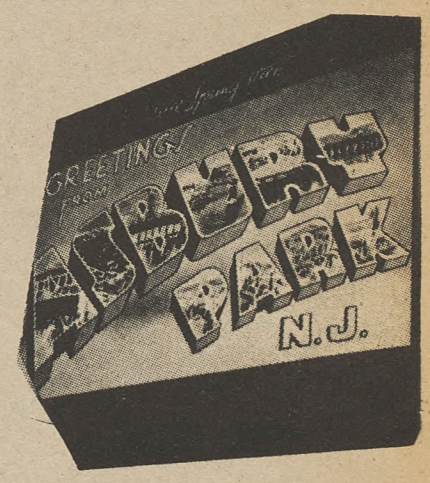

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13

BIRTHDAYS

Peter Tork (Monkees), Tennessee Ernie Ford, Dorothy McGuire, Rebop (Traffic)

MUSIC

Jim Croce & Martine Habib; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Peaches & Herb; The Stardust; 843-6233

FILMS

The Magus & Ulysses; Circle; 337-4470
Great Expectation & Laughter in Paradise; Inner Circle
Alice in Wonderland; Baronet, Bethesda; 656-3400
The Sorrow & the Pity [closes]; Outer Circle I; 244-3116
Cries & Whispers; Cerberus 2 & 3; 337-1311
Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoise: Cerberus I

EVENTS

Mazowsze – dancers, singers & orchestra; JFK; 8pm; $7.50-$4.50 254-3776

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14

BIRTHDAYS

St. Valentine, Tim Buckley, Vic Briggs (Animals); Phyllis McGuire

MUSIC

Story of a Soldier; Pr. Geo's Comm. Coll., Queen Anne Bldg., 8 free; (301) 336-6000
Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 9pm-2am; 483-6702
Jim Croce & Martine Habibe (see Feb. 13)
Peaches & Herb (see Feb. 13)

FILMS

The Harder They Come [opens], Janus I; 232-8900
Under Milkwood [opens]; Outer Circle I; 244-3116 (thru Feb.)
The Magus & Ulysses (see Feb. 13)
Alice in Wonderland (see Feb. 13 – thru Feb.)
Cries & Whispers (see Feb. 13 – thru Feb.)
Discreet Charms of the Bourgeoisie (see Feb. 13 – thru Feb.)
The Green Wall (La Muralla Verde); Dupont Circle; 785-2300; (thru Feb.)

EVENTS

Lecture – Problems & Policies in Health & Medical Care Services; Geo. A. Silver; U. of Md, Coll. Pk., Rm1412 Physics Bldg.; 4
Mozowsze (see Feb. 13)

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15

BIRTHDAYS

Tim Hogan, Michael Avery (Kinks), Darold Aries, Brian Holland.
Died: Nat King Cole, 1965

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see Feb. 14)
Jim Croce & Martine Habib (see Feb. 13)
Peaches & Herb (see Feb. 13)

FILMS

[[See Feb. 14 for continued runnings thru the month of Feb.]]
Great Expectations & Laughter in Paradise (see Feb. 13)
The Confessions of Felix Krill & The Capt. from Koepenick; Circle; 337-4470

EVENTS

Lecture – The Limits of Growth, by Dennis L. Meadows; New Lecture Hall, A.U.; 8pm; 686-2468
Mazowsze (see Feb. 13)

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16

BIRTHDAYS

John Burgess, Bill Doggett, Sonny Bono, Patti Andrews

MUSIC

Farewells in Opera – Opera Theatre of No. Va.; Kenmore Aud.; 8pm; JA2-5455
New York Pro Musica; the Coolidge Aud.; 8:30pm; 393-4463
Meg Christian; Mr. Henry's–Washingotn Circle; 10:30pm-2:30am; 337-0222
"Music from Wolftrap" – R. Strauss' Thus Spake Zarathustra; WAMU-FM, 88.5mH; 2:30pm
Jim Croce & Martine Habib (see Feb. 13)
Peaches & Herb (see Feb. 13)
Gladys Knigh & the Pips, Spinners, Black Ivory; Balto. Civ. Ctr.; 8:30; $4.50-$6.50

FILMS

[[See Feb. 14 for continued runnings thru the month of Feb.]]
The 39 Steps & The Lady Vanishes; Inner Circle; 337-4470
The Fox & Sons and Lovers; Circle

EVENTS

Les Ballets Africains; JFK; 8pm; $6.75-$4.75; 254-3776
Art Show – 75 professionals from the U.S. will show fine arts & sculpture; 10am-10pm; 7 Corners Shopping Ctr, Falls Church 946-9307

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17

BIRTHDAYS

Gene Pitney, Tommy Edwards, Robert Englemann (Lettermen), Dodie Stevens

MUSIC

Cleveland Orchestra; JFK; 3pm; 254-3776
Meg Christian (see Feb. 16)
Jim Croce & Martine Habib (see Feb. 13)
Peaches & Herb (see Feb. 13)
Music from the Theatre – The Fantasticks; WAMU-FM, 88.5; 7pm
Wonder why the Melanie show was cancelled???

FILMS

[[See Feb. 14 for continued runnings thru the month of Feb.]]
The 39 Steps & The Lady Vanishes (see Feb. 16)
The Fox & Sons and Lovers (see Feb. 16)

EVENTS

Ballet (see Feb. 16)
Art Show 10am-6pm (see Feb. 16)

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18

BIRTHDAYS

Bobby Rogers (Miracles), Yoko Ono, PeeWee King, Pete Johnson.
Lulu married Maurice Gibb (Bee Gees), 1969

MUSIC

Count Basie; Fairfax H.S. Aud.; 8:30; $4.50
"Songs Lincoln Loved" – Ford's Theatre; 7:30; 426-6700
Cleveland Orchestra (see Feb. 17)
Raspberries & Crazy Horse; Thomas Johnson Comm. Ctr., Arl. Va 7pm; $4
Melvin Van Peebles & Combo; Crampton Aud., Howard Univ. 7 & 9:45; $5.50, students $3.50
Hootenanny; Cellar Door, broadcast live on WGTB-FM, 90.1 337-3389

FILMS

[[See Feb. 14 for continued runnings thru the month of Feb.]]
A Thousand Clowns & Bedazzled; Circle; 337-4470

EVENTS

Bicycle Races; Ft. Hunt Park; 10am-Noon; 229-2879
Ballet; 2 & 8pm (see Feb. 16)

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19

BIRTHDAYS

Claude Jones, Smokey Robinson, Stan Kenton, Schuyler Larson
Smokey Ro
(Every Mother's Son), Tony Iommi (Black Sabbath).
Edison, inventor of the phonograph, gets first patent, 1878.

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends; the Keg; 9pm-2am; 333-9594
The Dovells; The Stardust; 843-6233

FILMS

[[See Feb. 14 for continued runnings thru the month of Feb.]]
Thousand Clowns & Bedazzled (see Feb. 18

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20

BIRTHDAYS

Barbara Ellis (Fleetwoods) James Alan Hull (Lindesfarne)

MUSIC

The Dovells (see Feb. 19)

FILMS

[[See Feb. 14 for continued runnings thru the month of Feb.]]
Juliet of the Spirits; Pr. Geo's Comm. College; B-114; 8pm; 336-6000 X397
The Trial & The Castle; Circle; 337-4470

EVENTS

Paul Taylor Modern Dance Co.; JFK; 8pm; $7.50-$4.50 254-3776

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21

BIRTHDAYS

Ruth Stenstrom, Nina Simone, Ron Nagle

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see Feb. 14)
The Dovells (see Feb. 19)

FILMS

[[See Feb. 14 for continued runnings thru the month of Feb.]]
The Trial & The Castle (see Feb. 20)
The Browning Version & The Rocking Horse Winner; Circle

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22

BIRTHDAYS

George Washington, Chopin

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see Feb. 14)
Opera Talk – Aida; Carver Ctr., Arlington; 2pm free; 558-2161
The Dovells (see Feb. 19)

FILMS

[[See Feb. 14 for continued runnings thru the month of Feb.]]
Creative Screen – Making Bread & Baking Break, Two films about methods of the Afgani tribes, also "Yeast Dough Shaping Made Easy; Renwick Gallery, Grand Salon; 11:15, 12:15; 1:15; 2:15
Sunday, Bloody Sunday & Women in Love; Circle; 337-4470
The Browning Version & The Rocking Horse Winners (see Feb. 21

EVENTS

Opera TALK –see Feb. 21)
Lecture – Person of Tomorrow – Carl Rogers; Lisner Aud., GWU $3, $2 for studnets; 676-NEWS

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23

BIRTHDAYS

Steve Barri

MUSIC

Meg Christian (see Feb. 16)
Peter Nero; JFK; 8:30; $7.50-$6.50; 254-3776
The Dovells (see Feb. 19)

FILMS

[[See Feb. 14 for continued runnings thru the month of Feb.]]
Sunday, Bloody Sunday & Women in Love (see Feb. 22)
Pygmalion & The Importance of Being Earnest; Inner Circle

EVENTS

Book & Record Sale; Opera Theatre of No. Va.; Stewart Arts Ctr. 10:30am-7pm; 558-2161
Ballet – Cinderella; JFK; 8pm; 387-5544

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24

MUSIC

The Guess Who w/ North Wind; McDonough Arena; G.U.; 8pm; 965-9650
Liz Meyer & Friends and Jack Bond; GWU; 8pm-10:30pm; free 676-6397
Meg Christian (see Feb. 16)
The Dovells (see Feb. 19)

FILMS

[[See Feb. 14 for continued runnings thru the month of Feb.]]
Pygmalion & The Importance of Being Ernest (see Feb. 23)
Sunday' Bloody Sunday & Women in Love (see Feb. 22)

EVENTS

Ballet – Cinderella (see Feb. 23)
BAllet – Coppelia; JFK; 2pm; 387-5544

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25

BIRTHDAYS

George Harrison, Emmit Rhodes, Enrico Caruso

MUSIC

Andres Segovia; JFK; 8:30; 254-3776
Santana; Balto. Civ. Ctr; 8pm; $4.50-$6.50
America; DAR Const. Hall; 8:30; $4.50-$6.50; 339-5992
Rossini's Messe Solonelle; Thos. Jefferson Comm. Ctr., Arl. 8pm; 558-2161
Guarneri String Quartet w/ Rudolf Serkin; JFK; 3pm; $6.75-$4.75; 254-3776
Al Carmines; Nat'l Museum of Hist; 8pm; $4.50; 381-5395
Hootenanny (see Feb. 18)

FILMS

[[See Feb. 14 for continued running thruthe month of Feb.]]
The Boys in the Band & I Never Sang for My Father; Circle

EVENTS

Ballet – Cinderella (see Feb. 23)
Ballet – Coppelia (see Feb. 24)

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26

BIRTHDAYS

Elliott Himmelfarb, Fats Domino, Johnny Cash, Jackie Gleason.
Paul Cotton (Poco)

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see Feb. 19)
Johnathon Edwards & Jim Dawson; Cellar Door; 337-3389

FILMS

[[See Feb. 14 for continued runnings thru the month of Feb.]]
Boys in the Band & I Never Sang for My Father (see Feb. 25)